

THE LATEST IN BABY CULTURE.

It is difficult to take gloomy views of this frivolous age in listening to two radiant young mothers discuss nursery foods and hygiene. "I always begin to feed at 2," one says, looking at the same time so young and gay that one wonders how came the nursery accumulation that brought forth so much wisdom. The great-grandmotherliness of their ideas was interesting. "I lost my first baby through sterilized milk," said one. "It had just been brought out, and the doctors would have it, and I gave up. There was no nourishment in it. My baby simply starved to death." So they both extolled the first principles to which they had returned. It seems, however, there is a doctor who, at great cost, made a specialty of baby nourishment. The new baby is handed over to its medical adviser, who makes a special study of its constitution and needs. Whatever it may have in excess or lack is remedied in its food. When it is ailing this doctor is called in on the same errand. This is the latest thing in baby culture. Two young mothers spoke of him and his mission with respect, but confessed their old-fashioned preferences.

GERMAN FAVORS FROM PARIS.

The very newest thing in cotton favors are wings. They are made on wire and in crepe paper of all colors, painted with gold. Where the two wings are joined together is a hook of heavy wire, with blunt end, that fits below the décolleté corsage of the wearer. The conceit comes from Paris, and will make the girls at the ante-Lenten dances look more like angels than ever in the eyes of their admirers. The wings come in all colors, so that they may be chosen to match or harmonize with any costume. They are two feet long and about one foot wide toward the ends.

Another novelty is in the shape of a little gauze butterfly, with body of chenille. They are very light and airy trifles and are intended to be thrown at the future wearer, whether masculine or feminine, and they have quite a life-like flutter as they pass through the air. The queer part about them is that they stick wherever they alight, and are not easily detached. This is explained, upon examination, by the fact that an ordinary burr, such as catch in your skirts as you go through meadows, is secured in each butterfly with the business end out.

Of Interest to Women.

The Author of "The Gates Ajar" Tells of Her First Success—The Reading of Calve's Hand. Madagascar's Fashionable Queen.

LADY RANDOLPH ON SKATES.

The last we heard of Lady Randolph Churchill she was winning universal admiration because of her fine cycling. Now word reaches this side of the Atlantic that she is the object of keenest admiration when on skates. It appears that her ladyship learned the art of perfect grace on the ice while in Canada, and that she has not since lost so much as one jot. At the rink in London last week she was seen in company with the champion skater of the world, and even under such circumstances her grace and art won universal plaudits.

A BRIDAL WORK BASKET.

A recent bride numbered among her wedding gifts a work basket, and one really made for use. It was of ample proportions, and made of white straw with a prettily gathered lining of rose-colored silk. The silver-handled scissors and the little emery with its shining top were attached to the basket by narrow, rose-colored ribbons, while the thimble, tape measure and dainty needle-book were each in a little silken pocket.

"What is the meaning of this, Mary? This is the second time I have found a policeman in the kitchen."

"Lor, Mum! I'm so afraid of the beetles!"—Phil May.

UNCHARITABLE CHARITIES.

Some Account of the Methods Practised by the Wealthy Board of Managers.

The following arrangement of the private charities of this city on account of the treatment of their employees and the parsimonious methods comes so well authenticated that space is given to a story not agreeable to read:

The number and extent of the private charities of this city is counterbalanced by the number of ill-paid and too often unthanked employees who, because of their benevolent instincts, retain their positions. The cooks and coachmen of the boards of managers are better housed and better fed than the matrons and caretakers whose work demands exceptional qualifications and entails heavy responsibilities. This is the case in almost every instance when the charities are managed by women.

Why? Because such managers are nearly always chosen from the richest women whom it has been possible to enlist in the work, it being expected that they will give largely to its support. To do them justice, they often do give liberally, but they do not expend it with judgment. This is not because they are women, but because they have had no business training.

There is a certain Day Nursery—there may be others like it, but this is the one of which I know most, which is run on the most ruinously economical plan. Yet the names of its Board of Managers represents a great many million dollars.

The nursery house is small, ill-built and kept in but imperfect repair. There is neither furnace nor steam heat, and the stoves are far from sufficient to warm even the rooms which most require it. The bare-floored bedrooms of the matron, teacher and two care-takers are fairly freezing to enter in wintry weather. The kitchen has only a very small cooking stove, yet by its aid alone must the cooking and clothes washing for the establishment be done.

It is a praiseworthy rule that every morning each child shall be bathed and clothed for the day in a suit of clean garments belonging to the nursery. From thirty to forty children is the daily average to be thus treated. Yet the only means of warming the two small bathroom and heating the water to wash all these little ones—often sadly in need of it—is a little gas stove, on which stands a small boiler incapable of holding more than about eight gallons of water.

The officers of this place are a matron, two care-takers and a kindergarten teacher. Two women perform the remaining service of the house, including the cooking, cleaning and laundering for all and the carrying of the heavy buckets of coal from the cellar to the top floor, there being no lift.

The economical running of this pet of some of society's best known and richest women is regarded by them with the greatest pride. For six days in each week from thirty to forty children of all ages, from a few months to eight or nine years old, are provided with a midday meal, and six adults have all their meals for seven days. So judicious is the matron in the buying, and so careful in the management of the food, that all are fed upon a sum which averages less than \$35 per month. Should any one of the lady managers try to feed the same number of persons in their own households even in the plainest manner she would speedily find herself in difficulties. Yet because this is a "charity," there is not a single month in which they do not find fault with the amount expended for food supplies.

SWIFT'S BILL OF FARE.

Here is a menu prepared by Dean Swift:

Gently stir and blow the fire;
Lay the mutton down to roast;
Dress it quickly, I desire,
In the dripping pot to toast,
That I hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the table spread a cloth.
Let the knives be sharp and clean.
Pickles get, and salad, both;
Let them each be small and green.
With small beer, good ale and wine;
Oh, ye gods! how I shall dine!

WOMEN WHO ARE COLLECTORS.

Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., has probably the most extensive collection of Napoleonic relics in this country.

Miss Sarah Hewitt, daughter of the ex-Mayor, has a valuable collection of old fans.

Mrs. Joseph Drexel was the owner of a number of remarkable old watches, which she presented several years ago to the Metropolitan Museum.

Mrs. Astor has succeeded in collecting many wonderful specimens of the lace maker's art.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury and Miss Elsie de Wolfe, who keep house together, are the possessors of some interesting relics of French royalty, among them a pair of slippers that were worn by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette.

Many of the new Spring gowns will be made with fronts of a different material. This fashion will prove a blessing to women who like to use up "odds and ends."

Lady Henry Somerset has a famous argument with which she once silenced a learned Queen's Counsellor with whom she was discussing the question of the equal rights of the sexes. He had expressed himself as opposed to female suffrage on the ground of inequality, owing to women's inability to render military service, to which Lady Henry replied by asking whether he did not consider that those who bore soldiers did as great service to their country as those who bore arms.

DIAMONDS AND AMMONIA.

Washing diamonds in ammonia removes all dust and dirt, and makes them beautifully bright, but it also injures the settings. One New York woman, whose rings always look as though they were new, says that she gives them frequent baths in ammonia, but as a consequence has to have them reset regularly every two years.

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

An African Ruler with a Taste for French Millinery.

But few readers, perhaps, who glanced at the dispatch which came via Paris last week that Queen Ranavalona Manjaka III. of Madagascar had contracted a morganatic marriage with a young Hova native, gave much further thought to the subject.

At any rate, in the busy events the press seems to have forgotten the Malagasy Queen, whom the French have lately deprived of her sovereign power, for the affair called for but little comment, and yet Queen Ranavalona is, perhaps, the queerest and most interesting personage that ever occupied a throne.

"What has become of her septuagenarian husband?" those who know something of her history may ask.

For it must not be forgotten that the dusky royal beauty is not more than thirty-three years of age, and that, according to the customs of the island kingdom, imme-

During her reign of a dozen years she has received enough of what is known as Queen's stocking money from taxes levied for this purpose on her subjects to replenish the wardrobes of a dozen prima donnas. It has been the custom in Madagascar for a long time to levy a 5 franc piece annual tax, the price of a fine pair of French stockings, on each resident, for the Queen's pin money.

Her Majesty has bought for years from Worth and Rodera and Doucet the most costly outfits, from Paris glove dealers gloves in infinite quantity and variety, corsets by the gross, and petticoats in a thousand shades; shoes, boots and slippers from two to three inches shorter than Her Majesty's feet fill the garner of her palace.

And yet, though she would order anything that came along in the way of dress,



diately after her coronation, on November 22, 1883, in her twentieth year, she was compelled to give her hand in marriage to Prince Ralialalavony, the Prime Minister of the Hova Government, who is forty years her senior.

Well, the Prince Consort and Prime Minister "lost his job" after the recent conquest by the French. He was deposed, and it may safely be said, though he is a sly old schemer, that his intrigues will not place him back in power. And now the young Queen is said to cry with one eye over the ignominious defeat of her country and to laugh with the other over the fact that she is no longer lawfully bound to her aged spouse. Though she has professed allegiance to the Anglican Church, she does not care a fig about the sacred character of the marriage vow.

It is no wonder that during this forced union, which has lasted twelve years, she often looked with yearning eyes on some of the stalwart, barefooted young palace guards and warriors that daily marched past her palace, and her subjects, who sympathize with her, there is nothing surprising in her latest liaison. Many rumors of former escapades reached the people, but they turned deaf ears to them and her obliging husband kept the news out of his native press.

Her Majesty Queen Ranavalona is in reality what the natives would call a great beauty. When in becoming attire she would pass among Caucasians as a fine looking mulatto woman.

paints and pomades, hair restorers, soaps, patent medicines, for she believes in trying everything that will improve the female figure divine, the Queen would never do much more with all this than to try on the dresses and test the modern beautifiers, after which they went to swell the big assortment in the spacious palace lofts.

As a rule Her Majesty felt best at ease in the semi-indolence of her subjects, but often she would take a sudden notion to keep on a Worth gown and a few thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, which she had worn at an audience of Ministers and French representatives, and go in the palace kitchen and yard and superintend the supper.

The Queen preferred and looks most bewitching in a favorite pinkish-colored silk dress, trimmed with fine white Malagasy silk lace. Her only ornaments are, as a rule—if she is in regulation dress at all—a valuable diamond cluster brooch, which holds a lace collar and a small and plain pair of gold earrings of chaste native workmanship.

Queen Ranavalona is fond of trying on every dress imported for her and showing it to her entourage, and spends most of her time smoking cigarettes, playing cards, dominoes, billiards and other games.

Of one thing her morganatic spouse may have reason to be glad. He need not worry over her wardrobe during the whole of their what would be called in New York common-law marriage.

THREE CURIOUS SALADS.

RUSSIAN FRUIT KALTSCHOLE.—Take equal parts sliced peaches, pineapple, sweet oranges, bananas and tart grapes, hulled and stoned, having all fruits fresh as possible; toss lightly together; put in a dish and place on the ice. Put in a saucepan one pint of claret, two pints of champagne, a pinch of cinnamon, a wineglass of Madeira, and sugar to taste. Boil, stirring constantly, for five minutes, and when ice cold pour over the fruit and serve. To be good must be as cold as charity, and to be less expensive and less exhilarating one can substitute strong lemonade or orangeade for the champagne.

SALAD A LA CHAMP.—Cut three large, sweet turnips into small cubes. Put two lumps of sweet butter as large as a hen's egg into a frying pan and let it get very hot. Put in the raw turnips, and stir constantly until the steam has cooked them tender; then add just enough vinegar for flavor, and salt to taste. When quite cold fill the salad bowl with crisp lettuce; then add the turnip, which has been thoroughly mixed with a good mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with lettuce and hard-boiled eggs cut in half lengthwise.

SALAD BOHEMIA SWIEGAU.—Boil or steam until tender whole cabbage leaves, allowing one for each service of salad. Make a salad of equal parts of chopped, raw, tender, white cabbage, celery, hard-boiled eggs, chopped hickory nuts and common walnuts, mixed with plenty of mayonnaise dressing. Fill the cabbage leaf with this and pin together with a sprig of holly with red berries, and serve on a bed of yellow chicory leaves garnished with small, dainty leaves of crisp yellow lettuce, with a French dressing.

Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith is painting a frieze for a large, square hall in one of the new houses uptown. The design is a procession of Greek figures upon a background of gold. Material for the lower part of the walls is being made for the purpose, and will harmonize in design and color with the frieze.

Salvation Lass (to young man who has been paying great attention to the speakers)—Are you saved?
Young Man—No, I'm a reporter.
Salvation Lass—Oh, I beg your pardon, Phil May.

LOOKING FORWARD.

They were talking of a literary woman, who, though rather young, has had more than one husband by grace of the divorce courts. She wears her pen-name hyphenated, and one of the talkers suggested that it might be well for her to have a hyphen more at the end of her name.

"Why?" asked the other one, smiling a little.
"Oh," retorted the first speaker, "to show that her name, like her stories is to be continued in our next—her next divorce, you know."

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD'S FIRST SUCCESS

"If heaven is like this it won't be half so bad to go there."

The girl threw down the book she had just finished. It was "The Gates Ajar." Except "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Looking Backward" no book written in this

head can be seen the stately as well as the intellectual woman. She wears her hair, which is almost white, parted in the centre and brushed severely back from the brow and coiled low on the neck; her gray eyes are filled with kindness and

not feel that I, personally, am of interest to them.

Mrs. Ward feels herself rather the inheritor of her literary ability than the original builder of it. From both her mother and father she inherits strong lit-

like what a well-brought-up little girl was taught to do, to be, to suffer, or to write, in those days.

After this she "neither wrote nor cared to write" for some years; but was in every way a vigorous, romping child, with marked individuality.

In the Spring of 1863 she wrote a war story called "A Sacrifice Consumed," and it was accepted by Harper's Magazine. The editor sent her a generous check and asked her to write again. In regard to this Mrs. Ward has said: "Harper's never refused a story of mine in all my life, with a single exception, and that not when I was a beginner. To this uniform encouragement I attribute more than any other one thing which literary success I afterward had."

Soon after this Mrs. Ward wrote "The Tenth of January," which was published in the Atlantic Monthly. It was the story of the burning of the Pemberton Mills in Lawrence, Mass. It was a most realistic picture.



country ever produced such a widespread impression. People who have hitherto regarded the hereafter as something exclusively for Sunday meditation, now discussed it on piazzas and over tea-cups and cigars as a pleasant change from business and servants. The effect of the book has never died away, while its obvious reminder is in mortuary arrangements of flowers.

The author of the book was Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, now Mrs. Herbert Ward. Although her present home is in Newton Center, Boston, her name is associated with Andover, where her father was professor.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward is now a little beyond middle life. She is taller than the average woman, and in every line of her figure and well poised

good will.

When asked about herself and her successes she replied: "Although it is never a pleasure for me to talk of myself, I have at last been prevailed upon to write my autobiography, and while I am glad to have the kindly appreciation and criticism of the public as to my work, I can-

erary tastes and ability. As she says, "It would be impossible to be their daughter and not have something to say and a pen to say it."

When only thirteen a little story of hers was accepted by the Companion, in criticism of which she says: "It was very proper, and very pious, and very much

It excited great interest, and gained literary attention and might be called her first strong literary success.

It will be observed that Mrs. Ward does not herself allude to "The Gates Ajar."

CYCLING NOTES.

Mme. Sarah Grand has taken to the wheel and is reported to be making a success only equalled by that of her novels.

It is curious to watch the fervor with which the novice attacks riding in crowded thoroughfares. She seems to find excitement in the very danger or in the avoidance of it, and to find delight in working her way through "The experienced rider, on the other hand, shuns all such journeys, except as a means of gaining an end. For genuine pleasure she prefers a spin over a free road.

Town riding quickens a woman's sight, hearing and action and means consequent exhaustion of nerve force. She is kept constantly on the alert and she gets neither rest nor refreshment.

The fashion of wearing rhinestone ornaments as a trimming to evening dresses will doubtless be short-lived, as it has found no favor with the women who possess handsome jewels.

FANCIES IN IOES.

The very newest thing in loes is the golf player. Nowadays confectioners have to keep up to date and follow the latest dictates of fashion with as much care as do the modistes, therefore with the golf craze the up-to-date caterer has arranged a new set of molds. Standing up in the dish are arranged two players, a man and a woman, dressed in conventional golf suits, and each provided with a stick of the approved pattern. Roundabout them are piled balls of many colors, which are destined to serve as individual loes.

Another novelty in the ice-cream maker's art is the bicycle girl. In the centre dish stands a girl in bloomers and with a jaunty Tam O'Shanter set on her golden hair. Her hand rests upon a bicycle which stands beside her, as if she had just stepped off. The individual loes are in the shape of little wheels of the latest '96 design, complete with lamps and brakes.

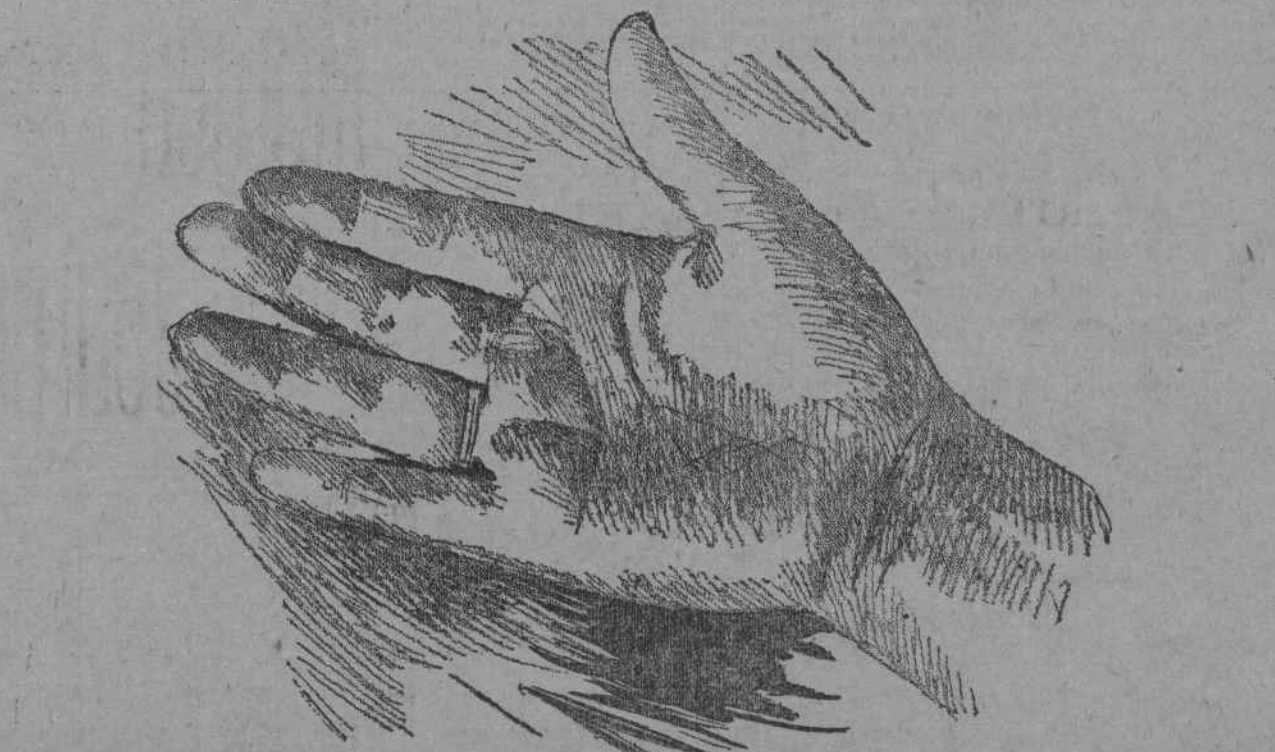
MRS. BROWNING LIVING HERE.

Mrs. Robert Barrett Browning, wife of the artist and daughter-in-law of the poet and poetess, is living here, says the Herald, living a retired life of devotion to charitable work. The romance of the palace in Venice is over; life with one whose name was a famous inheritance, but whose deeds were not without reproach, became unbearable. Mrs. Browning was Miss Fanny Coddington, of this city. Her marriage to the son of the Brownings was deemed at the time to be all that was most charming, but experience has proved otherwise, and much sympathy is due to one who bravely bore her share of trouble, and one whose worthy mate died with a pretty model hired to pose in his artist's studio. Home Journal.

She—Your step suits mine beautifully. He—How lucky! Especially as I dance so badly.

CHARACTER IN THE HANDS OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

The lady known as Queen Stella Gonzales, to whom has been intrusted the reading of the hands of women distinguished in the world of art, letters and society for the Journal, comes from a long ancestral line skilled in divination. She is the head of a band of Spanish gypsies, and, fresh from her successes at European courts, comes to this country for the purpose of establishing a college of palmistry. It is scarcely necessary to add that the palmist knows nothing of the identity of her subjects.



THE HAND OF Mlle. EMMA CALVE.

This hand shows an artist who aims at a depth of thought. She understands love, but lacks tenderness. She has great intelligence. She has great power of expression, and a great gift of melody. The owner of the hand is a woman who obeys inspiration. She is fond of liberty and novelty. She has force, power, impetuosity and dash. She is exempt from heavy ills, and has a great destiny. Glory and celebrity are hers.

A certain lady of this city has a pet cat, which she takes out to walk daily, leading it by a chain attached to its collar, after the fashion of a dog.